

The First Star

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Summary: Wendy Darling leaves Neverland to grow up but takes with her a small green vial of special Pixie Dust from Peter. A vial to give her one last trip to Neverland. Life carries on and Wendy has children of her own - the vial is forgotten. Until Wendy's daughter Jane finds it and impulsively uses it. Little does she know what it contains has been tampered with by a certain pirate...

1. Chapter 1

Chapter One

"So I guess this is goodbye then?" Wendy Darling allowed her tears to fall from her sky blue eyes and roll down her face. She hated goodbyes but none were quite as terrible as this one. The one where she was going to have to lose the boy—her boy. Who knows when she'll next see him?

"Hey now Wendy-bird," the boy looked away from the ship's helm and faced his friend. He stepped towards her and softly took her hand in his. "This is not the end. Nor will there ever be an end for us"

"But Peter—" she tried to interrupt, her brows furrowed and salty tears cascading down her pale cheeks. Her boy placed his finger to her lips. "Hush my Wendy-bird. I will visit all the time! To hear stories about me! And all of my adventures! Maybe next time I could actually meet the famous Cinderella and we could fight Hook and Blackbeard together? I mean she can't do it on her own. She needs the great Peter Pan to help her win!"

Through her tears, Wendy managed a weak smile and a small giggle burst through her lips. "There now all better!" He smiled, trying to hide the sadness in his own hazelnut eyes. "Alright men!" Peter shouted down to his lost boys "Lower the anchor—but watch Big Ben!" The Boys saluted their captain and slowly (and carefully!)

began to lower the anchor down into the city of London.

As John and Michael, Wendy's younger brothers ran to the side of the great ship to watch, Wendy only had eyes for Peter. Peter Pan. He had brought her home like she wanted but her heart was heavy and full of sadness, mourning the loss of her adventures in Neverland and having to leave her new friends.

"I so wish I could stay Peter," Wendy whispered, still clutching his hand tightly in hers. But as she saw his expression change from one of sadness to hope, she forced herself to add: "but I just can't. We have to grow up." Doing his best to shrug his sadness away, Peter Pan grasped her other hand and spun her around the ship's deck. "Well then" he cried. "I shall just come back to visit and bring you back with me sometimes!" It all sounded so simple and fun coming out of Peter's grinning mouth that Wendy had to laugh along. Her auburn hair flew out behind her and the blue bow holding it neatly in place caught the wind, freely dancing its way down off the platform and onto the main deck where it lay forgotten in its owner's glee.

As their feet began to ache, Wendy wiped her eyes and started to slow. She glanced down and saw her brothers saying their goodbyes to the Lost Boys. She then raised her head to see the ship was resting on the roof of her home. They had arrived and it was time to go.

John shook the hands of each Lost Boy chanting "I won't forget you Slightly old chapâ€¦keep practising that shot Curly my ladâ€¦take care of yourself ol' Nibsâ€¦" Wendy giggled to see they all looked rather perplexed at John's hand wiggling farewells but they played along as best they could, swinging his arm from side to side as he tried in vain to lead them in the more traditional upward then downward motion of an English handshake. She looked at Michael tiredly dragging Teddy along the deck tightly hugging his friends in turn. She smiled to see they seemed to understand this action a lot more.

Peter sadly took her hand in his once more and led Wendy down the steps to join her brothers. "Attention! Lost Boys, line up and say goodbye to Mother!" he called. Wendy passed by each boy giving them a loving squeeze. "I will miss you all so much boys. Do take care of each other and remember to take your medicine."

"We will Mother," they chorused, sniffing and wiping their eyes fiercely on their furry sleeves.

Peter was next. He patted Michael on the head (not forgetting to ruffle Teddy's fur), and wiggled John's hand. "See ya soon boys!" he said, grinning that cheeky boyish grin that made Wendy's legs feel like jelly.

Then Wendy stood in front of Peter Pan. She ran her gaze all over his face and body, drinking him in so as not to forget a single part of her hero and her friend. "Goodbye Peter" she said shakily. "I shall never forget you."

"This isn't goodbye Wendy. We'll see each other again - you can count on it." He then reached into the small leather pouch he kept attached to his belt and pressed a tiny glass vial into her hand. It was filled with fluorescent green dust. A type of Pixie Dust. "Just a

small gift from me to you Wendy. Tink used her special stuff for ya. Y'know just in case you miss me too much." He winked cheekily and added "it's just enough for one trip and one person I'm afraid." Wendy's eyes once more began to fill up. "Oh thank you Peter!" she whispered. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart. Really. I shall treasure it." Wendy stopped, overcome with emotion.

"Just promise me you'll save it for a special trip, okay?" The usual twinkle in Peter's eyes turned serious for a second. Wendy nodded, slipping her precious token onto the silver chain that hung around her neck. The vial rested next to her acorn kiss. "I shall miss you," Peter whispered, pulling her in for one final hug. He rubbed his nose into her hair, enjoying her sweet smell before he knew it was time to let her go.

Wendy slowly pulled away and the Darling children stepped off the ship and glided through the open nursery window. Wendy, John and Michael stood in their room and saw it looked exactly how they had left it. As if they had never left. Happy to be among familiar things again, the boys smiled and contentedly made their way to bed. John hung his hat on the bed knob and rested his umbrella against the bedside table. Why on earth did he take that thing anyway? It wasn't raining after all and Neverland seemed like a sort of Tropic Island. He tutted at his own foolishness, removed his glasses and immediately fell asleep. Michael climbed into his own bed, tucked Teddy in his rightful place into the crook of his arm and promptly began snoring as well.

Wendy on the other hand took a moment to survey her room and sighed. Her emotions were a confused jumble of joy at being home and seeing Mother and Father in the morning and sadness at leaving behind her friends and her Neverland.

Suddenly there was a large gust of wind and startled, Wendy rushed back to the open window. "G'bye Wendy-bird" was the last thing she heard, so faintly, as if the wind had gently whispered a lullaby in her ear. Wendy's eyes searched the sapphire heavens but all she saw was an empty night sky and a single shooting star.

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter Two****

Many years have now passed since that final day and Wendy is a woman. Even though she fought it and fought it, tears streaming down her face with every inch she grew, she soon became tired of fighting and surrendered to the inevitable. Her curled auburn hair is now tied up off her heart-shaped face, neatly pinned out of the way and her old blue nightgown long since outgrown is replaced by a blue pinafore with a simple white apron. The perfect housewife. She is married to a kind and loving gentleman who goes to work in the office every day and brings home pretty presents for his pretty wife. Life is normal.

Wendy then became a mother. She was so worried that she was not ready, that it was just too grown up, that the child would not be interested in her stories about far off magical lands and a boy who can fly. But when her Jane came along, so beautiful and inquisitive and eager to listen to her stories, all fears flew away. She would

sit telling adventurous tales to her daughter and now to both her daughter and her son in the old nursery at number 27. Edward bought the house off Mr Darling when the old man found he could no longer battle the stairs every day. He had hated living alone in the big house once shared with his late wife. Mary passed away quietly a few years prior. She died as she had lived, gently and without fuss. Just drifted off to sleep to visit the Neverlands herself. George lives down the street in a retirement home a stone's throw away from John's new house.

John. The first of the Darling children to quickly adapt and fit back into life in London. He grew up first without complaint, went to university and was soon buying ties and a briefcase for work at his father's bank. He married one of the bank managers' daughters, Average Audrey as Wendy secretly calls her sister-in-law, and they live frugally with their twin equally average daughters Matilda and Maisie. Wendy is certain her sister-in-law was raised by skipping over childhood and reaching adulthood before she could toddle. Sufficed to say, the weekly family dinners on a Sunday afternoon were often slightly tense. George Darling would watch in bewildered amusement as somehow it always came round to his grandchildren arguing over the existence of flying people or Tinker-whatsits and other types of poppycock that he can't quite hear or remember anyway.

You may have noticed the absence of the youngest Darling child. Michael Darling, last to grow up, clung tightly to his sister's stories and even when she was married and tried to speak of their adventures less often (for fear of her new husband thinking her a very confused woman), he would beg to hear just a little more. Always playing with his toy cars and fire engines, Michael eventually grew up to drive tanks for the army. When 1914 rolled around and he was enlisted, I am sad to report that Michael Darling was taken from this Earth, mere months before his mother joined him, as Wendy always said most likely due to heartbreak at losing her youngest child.

On a happier note, even though Nana passed away many years ago from simply old age, Wendy still has her puppy Nana II. Like her mother before her, Nana II ardently cares for Wendy's children and helps her mistress bathe and bed them every night, whilst eagerly listening to the stories too.

And so we come to a fairly typical day in the household of Wendy and Edward. Well at the moment it is just Wendy's as her husband is still away fighting. This is a constant worry for Wendy as he is fighting the same War that took her beloved little brother and she lies awake at night in terror that her children could be fatherless someday soon. But every morning she forces these fears aside and glides into her children's nursery and wakes them with a story; a story about pirates and fairies and boys who never grow up.

This morning is no different from any other. After yet another night of broken sleep, Wendy goes into the nursery and sees her daughter already awake. Jane, dressed in her favourite lavender nightgown and grey cardigan, sits at her desk scribbling away in her notebook. "Probably writing a to-do list or something," Wendy thinks to herself. When Edward left for France three years ago, he asked Jane to take care of her mum and Danny and since then, Jane tries to act grown up and more mature than her thirteen years.

Daniel snuffles and whimpers on the other side of the room, his little hands clenched into fists in front of his face. Wendy sits on his bed and gently takes his hands into hers. "There, there my love. It's only a dream." Her soft voice awakens Danny who clings to his mother.

"H-Hook was going to scratch my face with his hook! And I couldn't find Peter! I w-was screaming b-b-but he didn't come." Danny's nut brown eyes fill with tears and run down his face. Wendy strokes his back reassuringly.

"Now Danny. Peter Pan would never abandon a fellow Lost Boy! I'm sure he was on his way. Those pesky pirates were probably blocking his way â€œ"

"Oh Mother," Jane interrupts, sighing. She puts down her pencil and faces her family. "It was just a silly old dream, Daniel. It doesn't mean anything."

"Well actually Jane something very similar happened to me once," Wendy says, trying to ignore her daughter's disparaging eye roll. "You see Danny, we were all tied up together on the Jolly Roger and Hook ordered us to either join his crew or to walk the plank. And of course I could never do that to Peter so I agreed to walk the plankâ€¦"

Wendy's story is met with a gleeful gasp from Danny. Despite herself, Jane slowly edges closer to her mother to hear the story better.

The sparkle in Wendy's blue eyes dims slightly as she sadly remembers her company. "So Hook cut me loose from the Lost Boys and your u-uncles and jabbed me in the back with his sword! He pushed me forward until I was balancing precariously at the very edge of the plank. I could hear the _tick tick tick tick _of the crocodile who was swimming closer and closer to where I was standing. I could feel my legs shaking and my mind racing as I hoped and prayed for Peter to fly and rescue me. I had complete faith that he had survived Hook's bomb and would be on his way. But as Hook's sword shoved me once more and my balance began to fail, my belief faltered and I suddenly worried that this would be the end. I would never see Grandmother and Grandfather again."

Danny is shaking with anticipation and barely able to contain his excitement. "What then? What then, Mamma?" Jane vaguely remembers her Mother telling this story a few months ago but for some reason that she can't quite put her finger on, she doesn't say anything.

"Well with one final swing of his sword, Hook pushed me off the plank and off the Jolly Roger! The Lost Boys and yourâ€¦ wellâ€¦ they shrieked and hollered at the pirates and fought against their bindings. And I fell down down down towards the crystal clear waters. I could see the crocodile swimming steadily towards me and I knew that the second I hit the water I was croc-food. I cried out for Peter but as I frantically scanned the horizon for him, I saw only the empty blood orange sky â€œ"

"Technically blood is red, Mother, I don't see how â€œ"

"Shhhhhhhh Janey!" Danny yells, now jumping up and down on his bed.

"Just as I was about to fall into the ocean, I squeezed my eyes shut waiting for the splash and the freezing water to swallow me up before the fearsome beast did a few seconds later buuuuutâ€¦.. who should suddenly grab hold of my waist and whoosh me up up up and away â€"

"PETER PAN!" Danny grabs hold of his wooden sword and his green hat and swipes at invisible pirates. "ARGH! Janey we must help Peter save Mamma!" He tries to grab his sister's hand but she quickly pulls away.

"No Daniel. I must get on now. I don't have time for silly stories and games."

Danny's lower lip begins to wobble. "B-but we must defeat Hook together. Peter is busy! He's holding Mamma!"

Wendy stifles a giggle. "Come on Jane. Play along for your brother. Please?" She becomes serious and holds her daughter's stare, pleading with her eyes for Jane to not spoil her little brother's fun.

Suddenly infuriated with her Mother and her stories, Jane turns and stalks back across the room to her desk. She sits with her back to her family and picks up her pencil once more. Wendy sighs disappointed. "Don't worry Danny," she says hugging her son close to her, tickling under his chin and making him giggle and squirm in her arms. "Jane has important things to be getting on with right now. It'll just be me, you and Peter this time."

End
file.